

THE ADVENTURES OF CARLO—BY A. B. FROST

Carlo Meets the Family, Patrick and Maria

His Further Adventures Will Be Shown Next Sunday



"I bought him as a playmate for the children. They will have some fine romps with him. The man who sold him to me assured me he was a thoroughbred, his name is Carlo. Patrick can tie him up for a few days until he feels at home."



"Here's where my troubles begin. A foine gyardin I'll have wid you aroun'. I might as well start to git even wid you now, so—"



"—catch that, you thureybred."



"Did yez take notice to that? Let me ketch you diggin' in my gyardin and there'll be more of thim comin' to you."



"We've been romping with Carlo."



"I heard the gardener say the moles were ruining his lawn. I'll dig that one out and then he'll like me."



"I'll have him in about a minute."



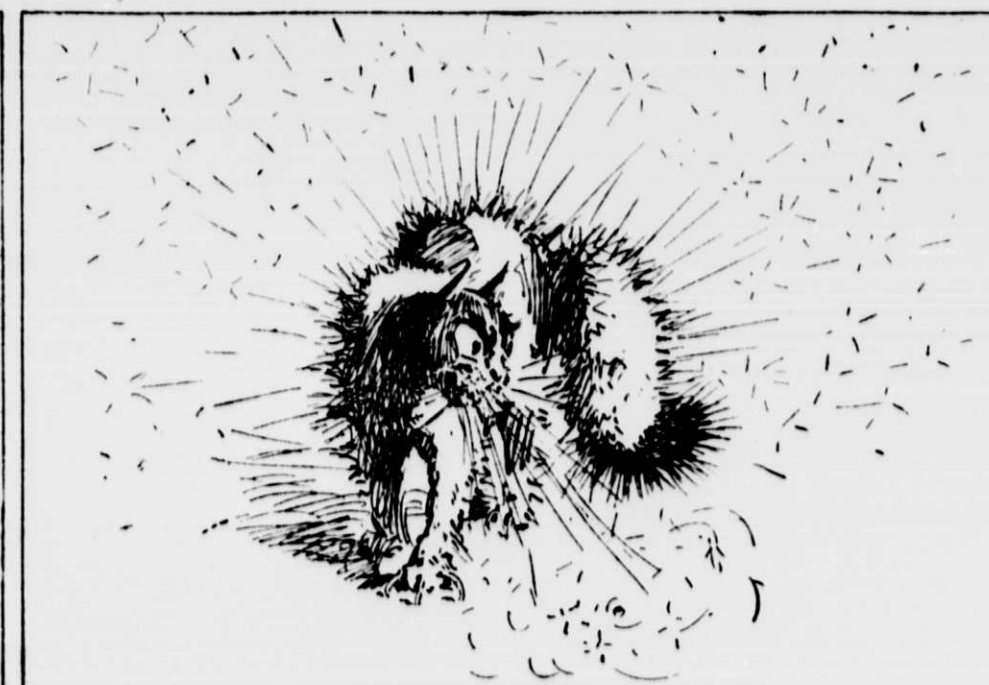
What Patrick said is not printable.



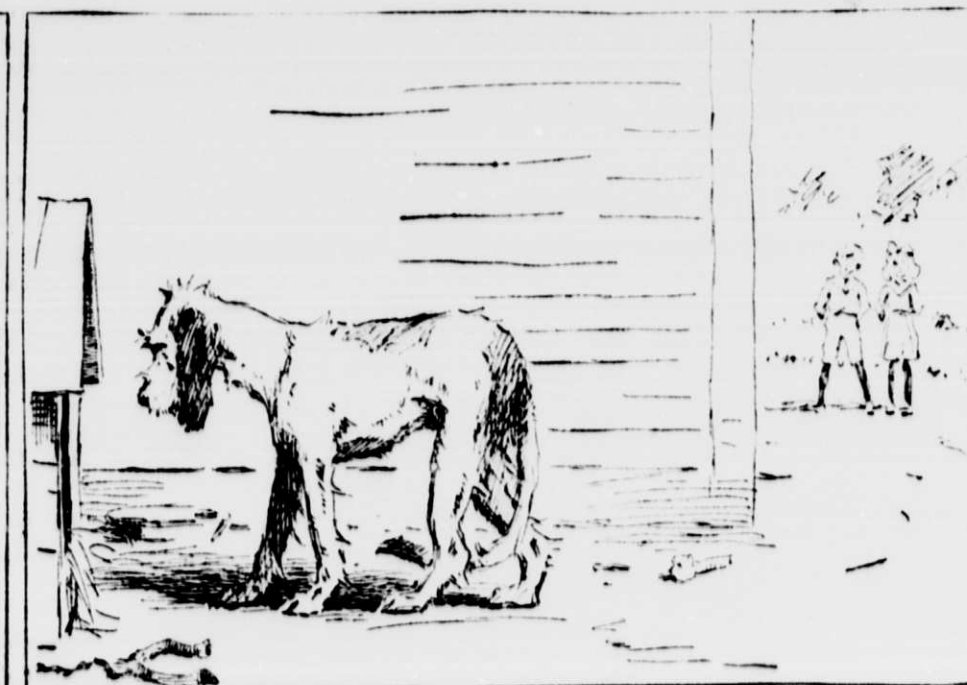
"For Hivin's sake, children, what's the awful noise?"
"Carlo chased Maria into the cellar, but he didn't know she kept her kittens there; isn't it lovely?"



"Sic um, Maria!"
"Give it to him, Maria! He tried to steal your kitties!"



Maria returning to her kittens.



"Miaow—wow—would Carlo like to have a kittie?"

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FORMER CITY MAN RELATES HIS EXPERIENCES IN GOING BACK TO THE FARM

BY K. VAN KEUREN.
Nearly every magazine one picks up nowadays contains an article or story dealing with the back to the farm idea. Most of them strongly advise the city man to don his overalls and get into the game. Some go so far as to tell him how much it will cost him to get in, but few, if any, speak of the ultimate result. When once you get in, then what?

To me it seems like the mystic maze we see in the pleasure resort, easy to enter but hard to get out. Perhaps my notions are all wrong, but they are based upon an experience covering seven years, and they are not due to any sense of financial failure, as might appear on the surface. Briefly, this is my experience.

I was a clerk in an advertising office. In that way I came into contact with most of the farm and poultry papers, and the wherewithal to buy good reading matter. And as far as I can see that is all.

Our children have to walk nearly a mile to school. Any one having had experience with the New England roads will admit this is no advantage. They are taught (?) by a girl of 17, who is trying to earn enough to prepare for teaching in the city school. One of my wife's chief occupations, and I dare say the most humiliating, is keeping the children and myself up on our pronunciation and reminding us almost constantly not to forget our g's. Naturally we are more prone to this carelessness than she, as we are in closer touch with the natives.

Generally speaking, the children are in better health than when in the city. But educationally and morally I think they are worse off. And what is the outlook for them? I hate to think of my daughter marrying a farmer to be condemned to the life everywhere mani-

fest. And I sincerely hope my son will prove capable of doing something on a higher and more remunerative plane than farming.

If I seem to be underrating the country life please remember that I am speaking strictly of the average farm, not the farm of fiction, where "the broad acres roll away as far as the eye can see." To the man who can hire all his help both in the house and on the place and who is so situated that a crop failure or the loss of a horse or cow is not a calamity I have nothing to say.

If I want a book out of the library I must drive three miles to town. My wife and I are fond of the theatre, but there are times when a three mile drive each way seems to deduct from the pleasure of the play. Especially is this so when the thermometer is down to zero and the wind blowing great guns.

Many will say that I am too far from town. Right here let me say that the average city man of average savings can find very few places worthy of the name of farm nearer to a town at a price within his means.

My farm was a semi-abandoned one when I bought it. At present it is not up to its highest point of productivity. At least I hope not. But in looking ahead how will I be better off, say when I reach 50, than I would have been had I remained in the city?

Allowing my imagination full sway, giving way to the wildest optimism, I cannot see any avenue open for really getting somewhere unless it be through politics, and that is a game I do not care for. Frankly, the role of farmer, old before my time, is not one I fancy for myself at 50. Yet how am I to get out?

Seven years is a long time to be out of the city and its attendant ways. Could I start in again, say in the same line I was in before, at a wage that would insure my family a comfortable living? I fear the first question I would have to answer would be "What experience have you?" At the time I left the city I could have bluffed that through nine times out of ten, but I had confidence in myself then. Leaving the so-called simple life does not tend to inspire confidence in oneself, and without that, especially in the city, a man is severely handicapped.

Possibly had I remained I would still be a clerk at \$18 a week, but speaking without brag, I doubt it. And had I invested the money which I put in this farm in a home of my own and kept on forging ahead I see no reason why I should have to look forward to approaching old age with misgivings. Certain it is I would not have had to work so hard during the last seven years, and I think I would have had fully as much to show for it.

Do you city men ever stop to compare the average man you meet on the street or in the office of 50 or 60 with the men of the same age you have seen while on your vacations? Try it. Compare them mentally as well as physically.

The average city man who is thinking of cutting loose from the city and trying farming for a living has not enough capital to buy and stock a Western farm. That there is a living to be had from almost any New England farm under proper management few will deny. Inidentally there is an enormous amount of work to be done before the so-called abandoned farm is brought up to where it will be a paying proposition.

If you succeed, then what? In closing let me suggest that before tying your money up in a New England farm and putting your present position you look into this matter thoroughly. Entirely aside from the money side of it, can you afford it? How about your wife? And last, but not least, how about your children?